

Joy To The World And Especially To Pickens, S.C.

A document recently unearthed
by Calvin Trillin

I can't tell you good people how good and full my heart feels to be in Pickens.

You know, my great grandfather was from Georgia, and he never went through Pickens.

In fact, as far as we know, Pickens is the only town in the continental United States he didn't go through, although we hadn't realized he went through the District of Columbia until some research just before this election.

So you can see that the people of Pickens and the people of Texas have always been very close.

I wish Lady Bird had come with me today. Because sometimes, just in the privacy of our own room late at night, I whisper to Lady Bird, "You know, I love the people of Pickens . . . and they love me."

You know, in this task that God has thrust upon me, sometimes I leave the House in the morning, and kiss Lady Bird and Luci Baines and that other one good-bye, and I don't know if I'll see them again that night.

Because they might be at a rally at Culpeper or the Brooklyn Navy Yard or Yazoo City.

Places where my great grandfather passed through. I feel at home here in Pickens, especially with my old friend B.Q. Jeffries here on the platform with me. Because B.Q., let me tell you, knows how to get things from me for Pickens, and when he strolls into that oval office and tells me something, I say, "B.Q., how is it you're the one man in Congress who can just stroll into this oval office and get me to do anything you want?"

"What is it you have on me anyway, B.Q.?"

Well, B.Q. doesn't have anything on me, of course, except that we've been pals since about Nineteen and Thirty, when I used to go to B.Q.'s ranch and swap old Texas stories—fertilizer stories and sheep jokes and all those good old farm stories that you and I understand and hold so dear.

And what would I do without Orville Scroggins?

Barry Goldwater doesn't even know Orville Scroggins.

Orville Scroggins is the one Senator in Washington who—let me tell you—who can just

get me to do anything he wants. He just comes strollin' into that oval office and tells me what the good people of this state need, and I say, "Orville, why is it you're the one man in Congress who can get me to do anything you want for those folks?"

Folks, I'm just so glad to be here, and see all your happy, smiling, desperate faces, and let you touch my hand that I just don't know what to say through this bull mike.

Except that your President loves you.

Every last little bitty one of you.

You know it's true.

And I know it's true.

And the people of America know it's true.

See the people of America know it's true.

They know it's true.

Run, people, run.

They have a dog.

His name is Spot.

See Spot run.

Run, Spot, run.

Well, as I was saying, I'm not going to indulge in name-calling with that raving, ranting demagogue.

You know what Barry Goldwater has ever done for Pickens?

Not a goddamned thing.

I want to keep this campaign on the level it belongs, so let's get to the great issues of our time.

Under this Administration, we have built six sluice dams in Pickens—eight if you count the Greater Pickens Metropolitan Area.

We have given thirty-two F.H.A. loans, most of them not repaid.

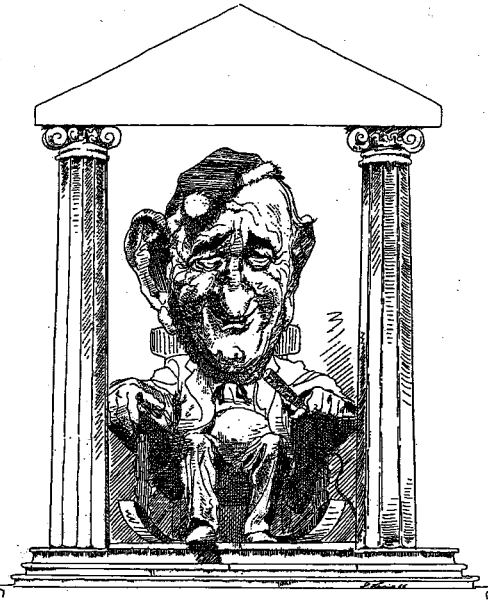
And a \$31,000 National Guard budget, including a brand new four-wheel-drive jeep.

Orville Scroggins knew you'd love that four-wheel drive.

And the Republicans?

Under Warren Harding, the time he was President, the Republicans closed an agricultural feed station here in 1921.

Are those the kind of people



you want to entrust the lives of four billion people to?

The stakes are big.

And the answer to that is No.

You say No.

I say No.

All God's chillun say No.

See God's chillun.

They say No.

Run, chillun, run.

Well, let me tell you that Pickens will never be forgotten under this Administration.

When the tax cut is fully effective, twenty-eight jobs will be added in Pickens.

All Federal jobs.

I love those twenty-eight jobs. I love those people. I love that tax cut.

Because a long time ago, when I was a boy on that poor, scrubby, lonely, run-down farm (list value: \$4.85, without outbuildings), the one I grew up on down in Texas, I was walking under the Texas stars, just thinking, and lucky for me, Dick Goodwin was walking alongside of me taking down everything I thought. There we were, walking along like soldiers in a minefield, like you do on a farm, and I thought maybe some day I would be President of the most powerful nation in the history of the earth—thank God—and I would go to my people and I would tell them how many jobs they would get when the tax cut becomes fully effective in their area, and I would teach them how much a bushel of soybeans would cost if price supports were dropped (which is a suggestion my opponent made in a moment of weakness and we get a lot of statistics out of), and I would open my heart to them and tell the American people that their obsolete air base would not be closed as long as Lyndon Baines Johnson is the monarch of this great land.

And that is what we mean when we talk about the Great Society.

Do you want to repeal the present and veto the future and hold our guard up and our

hand out and tell a man to go to hell and not make him go there, with Sam Rayburn standing right in the room?

The answer to that is:

No.

Me neither.

What we want is a Great Society, where everybody's just as happy as a turkey on the day after Thanksgiving and loves each other and God and me, and the old are young and the young are in Vietnam.

That's what we mean by the Great Society.

So don't choose the radical who would take away everything you have and don't deserve.

This Administration represents the mainstream of the calm, sensible policy of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy. It is the policy of Arthur Vandenberg and Woodrow Wilson and Everett McKinley Dirksen and Everett McKinley and Glen Taylor and Warren Harding and Eric Haas and Connie Mack and Innocent III and Emanuel Celler and James Eastland and Vito Marcantonio. It is the policy of Dean Acheson and Dean Rusk and Dean Sayre and Pierre Poujade and Claude Pepper and Jomo Kenyatta and John Connally and John Nance Garner and Jeremy Bentham and Adam Smith and Adam Yarmolinsky and Eve Arden and Deanna Durbin and Turhan Bey.

It is my policy.

This Tuesday, the American people will go to the polls and give an historic mandate for that policy.

You know, late at night, in that big white house, behind those big black gates that they keep locked and chained, I sit in that oval office, after all the work of the day has ended, and after I've given Orville Scroggins and B.Q. Jeffries every last thing the good people of Pickens can use, and I look at my desk and I look at the moon and I get close to my God and I try to think just what we do mean by the Great Society.

And you know it.

And I know it.

And John knows it.

And Mary knows it.

See John run.

He must know it. #

...With A Hep-ful Exegesis

by James P. Degnan

For sometime now I have suspected that a Listener's Guide to Lyndon Johnson might fill a need. I began to suspect this a couple of years ago when, in the company of a visiting history professor from England, I listened to one of the President's speeches. When the President had finished, the professor asked incredulously: "Did he say he disliked seeing so many 'merkins' going abroad?" I said he had. "Well," replied the professor, "I should think so. There's enough decadence in the world without America exporting public hairpieces."

Now while it is true that since that time the President has sedulously cultivated the habit of adding a long "A" to his "merkins"—thus making it clear that when he says "merkin" he is referring to a fellow citizen and not to the famous medieval wig for the pubes—nevertheless there still is, I think, some need for the kind of guide I have proposed. Residents of northwest Texas seem to have no difficulty understanding Mr. Johnson, but foreigners, e.g., residents of London, Rome, Paris, of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or as Mr. Johnson calls them, "farmers," still have occasional difficulties in construing the President's meaning. Therefore, the following modest advice.

First, get in on the President's talks from the start. Once I got in late on one of his speeches and heard him say that he was "seekin' Divine Par," and for a moment I was afraid he was returning to the goals of the Eisenhower Administration. But it wasn't long before I figured out that what the Pres- (Continued on page 285)